

He Doesn't Know

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Summary: An angsty yaoi fic on Tasuki and Chichiri. Tasuki speaks on his feelings for Chichiri, only to himself.

He Doesn't Know

>I'm so bored the whole weekend here so I thought of writing my first Tasuki<br>and Chichiri fic. Please let me know what you think. I didn't edit this, but

>this is my first fic, so please be kind! This fic is written from Tasuki's<br>perspective. Its not lemon (I'll leave that to those who can write one) but

>its sorta angsty.<br>

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>He Doesn't Know<br>

>I stared at him from afar. He is sitting Indian-like on the tall rock,<br>fishing who-knows-what. A gentle breeze softly caressed his blue tresses,

>sweeping his kesa upward smoothly, almost like a rowboat's sail. He sat<br>there quietly, one would not know if he is really fishing or just probably

>thinking, for his mask holds an unreadable and pretentious grin.<br>

>I continue to stare at him. I've been doing this for days. Weeks, actually.<br>Its been my everyday tirade to sit here by the tree (which has the best view

>of that rock he always sits on, by the way) and stare at him till the day<br>ends. I stare at him till I feel someone's voice from afar lightly calling

>me for dinner. I stare at him till my legs fall asleep for staying in one<br>position for so long.

><br>I always stare at him. My eyes make love to every inch of his body. I could

>stare at him forever.<br>

>But he doesn't know.<br>

>Later, I sat down to dinner. I slightly avoided him for he enjoys

sitting  
next to me for some weird reason. I hastily took the seat between Chiriko  
>and Mitsukake. I doubt those two could digress me from my thoughts. I  
avoided the confused look he has on his face and concentrated on my food.  
>Hotohori called us all in a sort-of silent prayer, and I watched him,  
relieved, as he sat down next to the emperor, the side Nuriko doesn't take.  
>Everyone begins to eat, except for me. I continue to stare into space, my  
thoughts full of him. I must have looked so ridiculous, my eyes locked into  
>nothing but air. I felt an elbow jab me. Mitsukake was saying something to  
me, but I was unaware because HE suddenly spoke. My ears suddenly perked up  
>and all I could hear was him.  
>"Tasuki no da! Why don't you eat now no da! We have to travel tomorrow no  
da!"  
>I almost smiled. Him and his silly yet cute no das. I almost forgot my need  
>to avoid him as much as possible. I stare down at the food at my plate, now  
cold for not having been touched for so long. My mind is at a whirl, full of  
>thoughts on him. I think about him every single minute, the moment I wake  
up, and the second I fall asleep.  
>But he doesn't know.  
>I stood up suddenly, surprising everyone. "What's wrong, Tasuki?" Miaka  
asked, worried.  
>Wordlessly, I left the table. I have to get out of here, I thought wildly.  
First I walked, then it broke into a full run. I ran and ran, until I got  
>caught out of breath. I almost doubled over, panting for air. That was when  
I felt a presence behind me. Even before I turned around, I knew it was him.  
>But I wasn't expecting the sight that would behold me once I lay my eyes on  
him.  
>I sucked an inward gasp. He was beautiful. He stood a few feet away from me,  
>and the hall wasn't well-lighted, yet I could faintly make out the lines of  
his body in the dark. Luckily the early evening moonlight suddenly decided  
>to settle somewhere on top of him, as it blanketed his pale skin with light,  
making his skin glisten with the color of ivory. His face was flushed and he  
>was panting too, it seemed like he ran after me right after I hurried away  
from the dining area.  
>But what enchanted me more was his face. Without the mask, he was the most  
>beautiful and most exquisite thing I have ever seen. He was like a jewel, so  
rare, and so priceless. Like a child, so innocent and vulnerable. Yet he  
>shines with wisdom and experience. One mahogany eye rested on mine, his  
features swelled up in concern.  
>His voice pulled me out of my silent worship of his beauty and focused my  
attention back to the real world. "Tasuki no da?"  
>"Yeah?" my voice was hoarse, I could barely speak, I was too enchanted, too  
drawn.  
>"Are you all right, no da? You left us so suddenly, do have a problem? Would

>you like to talk about it no da?" Was it just me, or did I feel a  
tinge of<br>worry in his voice? No, it can't be.  
><br>I cleared my throat. "I'm fine. I just don't feel hungry. Now  
why don't you  
>go back to dinner with everyone? I'll be fine."<br>  
>He fidgeted. He looked like he wanted to say something, but if he  
won't say<br>it now, I might not be able to stop myself any longer  
from walking over to  
>him, cupping his soft pale cheek in my hands, running my fingers  
through his<br>hair, and taking those soft, seemingly-pliant lips of  
his with my own.  
><br>He seemed hesitant. Good, let it stay that way. I turned and  
left him  
>quickly as possible.<br>  
>Not turning back, I entered my room, and in one swift motion I  
stripped<br>myself of my clothes and collapsed down the bed.  
Somewhere, somehow, I could  
>hear him, calling my name, asking me to come back. I ignored it, and  
with a<br>sigh, I prepared myself for another sleepless night full of  
thoughts of him,  
>dreams of him, and then, another day staring at him.<br>  
>I felt a single tear roll down my cheek. I love him. Gods, I love  
him.<br>  
>But he doesn't know.<br>  
><br>\*\*The End\*\*  
><br>  
>-Watoom!! I'm still quite unsure about this fic so please let me  
know what<br>you think. Like what I said before, this is my first  
fic, so please be kind!  
><br>  
> <p><p>

End  
file.